

ed, and lo! I saw under the sun, something worth the while?

I saw a maiden fair, walk down the streets one cold day, and she came upon a little waif of the street, cold, dirty, friendless and alone, standing in a gleam of God's pure sunshine, as it fell between two great dark piles of brick and stone. She paused, pushed back the tangled locks, and planted from her warm cherry lips, a firm kiss upon that little forehead. A little heart fluttered and two little lips murmured, "Some one cares for me. I'll be a man!" From that day a life had a different meaning.

I followed this angel fair. Into a street car she went. A ragged newsboy, tired out, lay fast asleep, with his head bumping on a front window sash. Off from her tender hands came the warm muff, and carefully was it placed beneath that little head. She touched me, she touched others, the virtue flowed, the shadow had fallen, and we were better.

Again, her journey ended, she stepped from the car, only to jostle up against a city's cast-away. She paused long enough to whisper in her ear, the sweet name of Jesus; Magdalene's Savior, and a soul was saved.

I never knew her name, nor does earth's hall of fame declare it. She made no engine great, no blood spattered army commanded. But some mysterious voice declared it, "Only a life worth while!" A life like a golden beam of heaven's sweet sunshine, leaving warmth, consolation, joy, purity and quickening unto the life eternal, wherever it touches, the throng pressing thru this darksome world, this is the only thing worth while.

Philadelphia Pa.

The Home

A New Year

Here you are little Year. Did you come in the night,
When I was asleep in my bed?
And how did you find your way in before light,
With no sun shining out overhead?
Did you pass the Old Year as he rushed out of sight
With a pack that was heavy as lead?
He looked just like you. O so shining and slim,
When he made his bow twelve months ago;
We all said "Good morning" politely to him—
It was manners, dear Year, as you know;
And his hand was outstretched, and his eye was not dim,
As he stood in his first morning glow.
But his fifty-two weeks were so crowded with work,
And he had such a handful of days,
That you couldn't expect, since he was not a skirk,
He'd be chipper and cheery always;
His story was mixed up with brightness and mirk,
And we'll speak of him only with praise.
As for you, little Year, you are growing fast,
As you stand in the other Year's place,
That already the shadow that falls from the past
Is weaving its veil o'er your face.
O happy New Year, may your happiness last,
As you trot at the century's pace!

Harper's Round Table.

How constant is God's friendship! He loves us with an everlasting love and to the end, when other friendships are upon slight grounds easily and often broken off.—John Howe.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY MEDITATION

H HELEN FRAME

I sit tonight in my comfortable study reflecting upon the wonderful improvements which have marked the progress of the first thirty years of this century. When I stood at the threshold of the century in 1900, I remember how my youthful impulses were stirred by the keen activities and awakening possibilities of the coming age. I remember too with what hesitation I chose the ministry for my life work.

I knew I was fitted by education and endowment to win a reasonable degree of success in life. In the spirit of the age, which was intensely practical, I longed to make money. I hoped to have a good home, a wife whom I might shield from care and worry, and children to train for good and usefulness. And I knew that all this were possible if I chose either a business or a professional life.

On the other hand the needs of the church appealed to me strongly. "Go work in my vineyard" seemed spoken directly to my heart. To be a minister of the gospel of the Holy One seemed to me the highest calling on earth, and continually pressed upon me as a most sacred duty.

But I have been so often sorely troubled in witnessing the privations and sorrows that entered so largely into the life of every minister I have known. Few pastors in any church, and perhaps none in our own loved Brethren church, were receiving salaries at all commensurate with their abilities. These men had sacrificed everything for the gospel. They had passed by many opportunities to make a comfortable and even a luxurious living. Some, with their training, might have been commanding high salaries in other vocations. But they heard the voice of God, calling for an entire service and had humbly dedicated themselves to His work. In consequence, they were suffering many hardships, enduring many trials.

With all these considerations before me, I prayed long and earnestly that the Spirit might lead me aright and at last the answer came, and with the loving sympathy of her who had promised to become my wife, I yielded myself wholly to His service.

Ah me! Those first years were rich in experience and rich too in manifestations of God's grace. Indeed, many times His grace was about all we had to sustain us. Churches felt the need of a pastor but failed to render a willing sympathy and co-operation with his work. The large majority of members were indifferent to the general work of the church, indifferent to the cause of missions and charities, careless of the College interests and the Publishing House interests. It was not strange then that they should also often ignore their obligations to their pastor. It was inevitable that he should carry the burden of the work almost alone. Inevitable that he should work for little money and be deprived of the comforts which his people deemed absolutely necessary. Inevitable

that the effectiveness of his work should be hindered because of his anxiety to provide the most ordinary needs for his family. Many times was he heartsore and weary, and his soul cried aloud "How long, oh Lord, how long," when he saw the dear wife troubled "with much serving," the little children shabby, the coal-bin empty and the rent in arrears.

But thanks be to God, all that is changed now. In the early years of the century the church began to awake to a sense of her responsibilities, became inspired with a divine zeal to discharge her duties more faithfully, and as she acquired knowledge and grace, she also grew into a more perfect conception of I Cor. 9:7-15

The church has now fully learned that if a man preach the gospel he shall live of the gospel. Salaries are more generous, more nearly proportionate to the income of the members, and, what was almost unknown in 1900, the minister now receives his salary as promptly and regularly as if he were working for a business concern.

This awakening to duty has had a most wonderful effect upon every department of church work. As the people learned the gospel of serving they also learned the gospel of giving, and the results are most blessed. With a people so consecrated to the Lord's service it is only natural that our church should have made such rapid progress in these thirty years.

Ministers and evangelists, unembarrassed by sordid cares, have been free to give a more perfect service. Missionary boards have been able to claim the promise of victory to the faithful. Our missionaries are in many foreign lands preaching the gospel of salvation. Missionaries in the cities and evangelists in the districts are bringing many people to the cross. New churches are being built, mission points are established and sustained. The College proudly holds her own as an educational institution, and has prepared large numbers of men and women to meet the rapidly increasing demands of the church. The church paper now goes into nearly every home in the brotherhood carrying blessed news of world wide interests. All the endeavor and missionary societies are keenly alive to their opportunities and are wonderfully helpful in building up the church. This is indeed a wonderful century in the history of the church.

Blessed be the Lord God who has led His people out of darkness into great light.

The Newcomer

I heard a little footstep
Fall lightly on the floor,
And slowly on its hinges turns
The half reluctant door.
A child stands on the threshold,
Dimpled shy and fair,
With baby finger at his lips,
And soft wind ruffled hair.
He pauses for a word or nod,
Betwixt a smile and tear;
Ah, let me bid him welcome—
It is the infant year.

—James B. Kenyon, Lit D.